

PATIENT "FANS" WAIT HOURS FOR OPENING

Stand in Three Long Lines
Until Gates Swing at
8 o'clock.

SUN AIDS GOOD NATURE

Partisans of Red Sox Mingle
with Friends of the
Giants Without
Battle.

With nothing to mar the success of the first game of the series—except the loss of the game itself—New York "fans" yesterday continued their jubilation over the presence of the heroes of the diamond in their midst.

From the early hours of Monday afternoon, when the first enthusiasts began to gather about the gates of the Polo grounds to wait for the opening sale of the unsold seats, down to the exit of the last man from the grounds twenty-four hours later, there was not a mishap to spoil the enjoyment of lovers of the game. The handling of the crowds by Inspector Sweeney and his men was excellent, the day was ideal, and the "fans" in holiday mood.

For the hundreds of half-frozen men and a few women who waited in line all night for places up near the ticket windows, the day formally began with the opening of the gates, shortly after 8 o'clock. At that time the line-up, which had been less than two hundred up to midnight, had increased until conservative estimates placed the number at five thousand. Most of these were men who came to the grounds with the early hours of the morning, making a rush about the gates shortly before 8 o'clock.

Along with the men came one of the largest percentages of women who have ever appeared at the series games, among the first being the Misses Doris and Allen Woods, twins, whose enthusiasm and attractiveness won them places at the head of the procession. From the time of the arrival up to the opening of the gates, they took their share of discomfort, including the chill air which swept down the avenue shortly before dawn, with the other devotees of the sport.

Line Three Abreast.

With the early hours of the morning, Sergeant Dan Sullivan and his fifteen officers, who had charge of the crowd, formed them into a line three abreast, which extended from the gates at 157th street down Eighth avenue to 155th street and thence along that street to Bradhurst avenue. Along this line hucksters of "hot dogs," coffee, milk and other eatables and drinkables did a thriving business early in the morning.

Shortly after 8 o'clock, the crowd was increasing so rapidly that it was decided to open the gates of the grounds, and five ticket sellers were placed on duty. Without any signs of ill-nature, the third crowd was admitted to the park, where they picked out the best seats and proceeded to make up the sleep lost in the waiting.

At 9 o'clock Inspector Dennis Sweeney assumed control of the crowd, having for his assistants Captain Louis Kreuscher of the 4th police precinct, Lieutenant Haupt, Gilmartin, Cullen, Doolittle and O'Connor, ten sergeants, ten mounted men and a hundred patrolmen. The inspector and his men remained on duty throughout the day, all remaining outside the grounds.

Throughout the morning the crowd continued to come to the grounds, reaching its greatest dimensions shortly after noon, when the line, Indian file, stretched down Eighth avenue for nearly two blocks. At 1 o'clock the seventeen thousand seats selling for \$2 had been sold, and from that time on until the game "fans" were compelled either to stand up at \$1 a seat, or to crowd into the stands at \$1.50. The regular officers of the police force outside the grounds and the special officers inside kept the crowd moving and had no trouble.

Mayors, Admirals, Etc., Etc.

The arrival of Mayor Gaynor a few minutes before 2 o'clock was the signal for the final rush for seats, the gates being closed at seven minutes before the time scheduled for the game. With the Mayor in his automobile were Governor Foss, Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, General Barry and R. C. Smith, Commissioner Rhineclander. Walter also accompanied the party in another machine.

The closing of the park gates in the faces of several hundred disappointed men, who threatened to beat down the wooden barriers by sheer force of avoirdupois, forced the police to drive the crowd back to the corner of 157th street

and Eighth avenue, allowing only holders of tickets within the confines. This action was the signal for a wild scramble to the heights of Coogan's Bluff, where an occasional glimpse of a player in the colors of his team had to satisfy the sport-hungry appetites of the devotees.

Barred out either by being "Too late, too late," or from a lack of coin, thousands of persons watched the progress of the game as told by the sounds from below and the figures on the score board. In this crowd the ticket speculators, who had kept well under cover, undertook to do business. Twenty-one of them, however, had only their trouble and an arrest for their pains, the police taking care of that number at the 4th Precinct station. Those cases and one additional—that of a speculator who struck an officer—were the only worries of the police throughout the day. Tickets to the value of nearly \$1,000 were captured by the officers and will be used as evidence against the speculators.

Crowd Not Scrupulous.

The sunniness of the day seemed to act as a deterrent on the spirit of combat which ordinarily exists between supporters of rival teams at such a time. The red banners of the Boston supporters, together with small red cotton socks pinned to the lapels of various coats in the crowd, mingled with the blue banners of the loyal upholders of the Giants. One fight only on the heights overlooking the diamond drew the attention of the crowd for a short time from the interest of the field. That resulted in a small drawing of blood, but the absence of a policeman from the immediate vicinity permitted arbitration.

Like dignified residents of the city of culture, the Boston men limited their celebration to a parade some six hundred strong from the field of battle up to the top of the bluff, and thence for a short distance down Edgewood avenue. Mayor Fitzgerald stood at the head of the parade, and was accompanied by a band.

The end of the game brought the first bit of strenuous work to the police, with the rush of forty thousand persons to leave the park. Ambulances from various hospitals were on the grounds, but did not have a single call. An empty patrol wagon from the precinct station also stood in the midst of the rush, as testimony to the good nature and honesty of the crowd. The close of the game, at 4:15, was followed by a half hour of crowded streets, after which the patrolmen were released from duty.

"We were prepared for the crowds and for emergencies in the way of accidents and the like," Captain Kreuscher said after the game, "but found no difficulty. In fact, the crowds were exceptionally good natured and obliging."

ROYAL ROOTERS HAPPY

Cheer Their Mayor and Joe Wood and All the Red Sox.

John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston, was as popular with the royal rooters, who came from the home of the Red Sox three hundred strong and occupied a section in the grandstand, as he was with the team in the right direction toward gathering the world's highest honors of baseball. His appearance in the field with Mayor Gaynor, shortly before 2 o'clock yesterday, was the signal for a wild outburst of cheering from that particular corner.

Facing a battery of cameras, the two Mayors walked across the field. The Boston band at once burst forth into "Tessie," the old war song of the Red Sox, when, under the direction of Jimmy Collins, they played to victory over the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1908.

Before taking his seat in Mr. Gaynor's box, Mayor Fitzgerald ran across the field to the section of the stand reserved for the Boston delegation. He walked in and mingled with the "fans," and as the band struck up "Sweet Adeline," Mayor Fitzgerald borrowed a green megaphone from one of the crowd and sang in chorus with the crowd. The song finished, he returned to his seat and rooted manfully for the Red Sox throughout.

The real Boston demonstration, however, came after Crandall had struck out in the ninth inning. Led by the band, ever playing "Tessie," the royal rooters marched, cake-walked and snake-danced across the diamond, and halted in front of the Mayor's box. There they changed the tune to "Sweet Adeline," and as the Mayor walked across the field to their automobiles the crowd followed, cheering and shouting.

CUP FROM SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

It was announced last night at the New York Athletic Club by Dr. Emil Huel, the commodore of its yachting department, that Sir Thomas Lipton has offered a silver cup as a prize to be competed for by the yachts that take part in the annual race of 100 miles to Block Island in June.

COURSING MEET BEGINS.

St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 8.—The National Coursing Meet, which will begin to-day, has 200 entries in the futurity for hounds two years of age or under.

There are about 200 entries from all parts of the United States to compete for the Waterloo stake on Thursday. The meet will continue about ten days.

HOOVER SLIDING HOME IN SEVENTH INNING WITH RUN THAT GAVE VICTORY TO BOSTON.



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PICK-UPS AT THE GAME

A J. Franklin Baker Needed,
According to One Rooter.

WAGNER INJURES FINGER

One Man at Least, and a New
York Man, Smiled and
Smiled Again.

The inevitable arguments between partisan "fans" were heard all over the grandstand when the game was over. Going up the incline that leads to the Speedway one Boston man, full of enthusiasm, if not of sense, gurgled a trifle unsteadily: "Wheel 'Ray for Joe Wood! That's one we've got."

"Huh," replied a loyal Giant rooter, "wait until you get old Matty. He'll show you up. One game doesn't make the series, and that's all you've got."

"Well," twitted the man from New England, "I've got something else right now."

"What is it?" came the quick reply.

"Your goat," was the laughing answer.

One disgruntled mortal was heard to remark: "If we could only have borrowed J. Franklin Baker for that ninth inning."

Wagner, the Boston shortstop and captain, injured a finger when Murray slid into second base and was touched out in the third inning. Wagner continued playing, however, and it is not believed the injury will prove serious.

Harry Stevens, who presided over the destinies of the peanuts, hot "dogs" and soft drinks, had no confidence in cash registers and other places of the kind for keeping money, so that he employed two men to run back and forth between the Park and the Washington Heights Savings Bank. Harry does not believe in taking chances, but he smiled and smiled again.

The batteries for the day were thirty-six cameras—at least, so thought the mayors of two cities.

The boys who sat up or stood up all night to get front row seats in the lower tier of the grandstand profited thereby, for these seats were in demand at \$2, \$3 and even \$5 apiece by an hour of game time.

Tris Speaker hammered the first ball pitched to him in batting practice far into the stands and the crowd roared.

Louis Mann was there and out with the players, too, until fairly driven off the diamond, high collar, gloves and all.

Hal Chase, who plays first base for the Yankees; Tris Cobb and Hughie Jennings were full-fledged reporters and with the reporters sat, but most of the other literary players were out in the field playing baseball and framing phrases.

It was the first interleague series in which the Giants have played that Mathewson did not pitch the first game. Matty warmed up in good style yesterday afternoon, but at the last moment McGraw decided to pit Tesreau against Wood.

Chief Meyers had a lot of fun with Mayor Gaynor as the latter lobbed the ball out just before the game started. The big Indian braced himself, stuck his glove out far in front of him, and then when he caught the ball he staggered back half a dozen paces. He recovered sufficiently to catch the rest of the game.

Speaker's triple in the sixth inning was good for a home run, but for some reason unknown to every one but himself he slowed down to almost a walk as he rounded second base.

The employees of the "L" road occupied seats on the tops of the semaphore blocks, while many others crowded the cars in the yard.

Billy Klem, "Suk" O'Loughlin, Billy Evans and Cy Rigler, the umpires, posed for the camera brigade in front of the home plate just before the game began. "Have you anything to say, gentlemen?" asked a photographer. "Just ask them to omit flowers," replied Billy Evans.

A Washington newspaper man asked Walter Johnson a question during the game, but the "speed king" smiled and answered, "Not a word for less than \$5," and lapsed into silence.

When Yerkes came to the bat in the seventh inning the New York outfielders played him as a right field hitter. Ty Cobb looked at them and said: "If he hits at all, he'll hit to left field." And developments proved the wisdom of the statement.

Boston has waited for eight long years to meet the Giants in a struggle for the world's championship. In 1904 the Giants

and Red Sox won the pennants in their respective leagues, but John T. Brush at the time refused to allow his men to play. Three years ago the teams played, and the Red Sox won. Both had finished second, and nothing hinged on the series.

The championship series has served to upset temporarily the ordinance so rigidly enforced against automobiles encroaching on the Speedway. A special order was issued permitting cars to be parked along the trotting stretch, and a large number held positions immediately in the rear of the grandstand.

Early in the day the huge rocks topping Coogan's Bluff were crowded with "fans" who wanted to be in the neighborhood. To the casual observer it did not appear that from those points of view any part of the game could be seen, as the stadium shuts off all but a small corner of the left garden. In the old days it was possible to see the entire outfield from the bluff.

Tesreau had fanned weakly, his bat seeming to come around each time after the ball had lodged in Cady's hands. "What's Tesreau's batting average?" some one queried of Irving Cobb, the writer. "I haven't got the exact figures," replied Cobb, "but it's what a chemist would describe as 'a trace.'"

Women were so noticeably in the minority in the crowd that filled the unserved section of the lower tier of the grandstand that each one arriving during the hour before the game started was cheered to the limit.

BOSTON IS BASEBALL MAD

Crowds Begin Long Vigil in
Line for Tickets to Game.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Boston, Oct. 8.—Boston has gone baseball mad, because of the victory of the Red Sox over the Giants in the first game to-day. All the grandstand and annex seats have been sold out, and 16,000 bleacher admissions at \$1 will be sold to-morrow. But the "fans" are not going to take any chances, and the line began to form shortly after supper time, and by 8 o'clock numbered at least one thousand, including several women.

By the time the box office opens to-morrow it is expected that fully 5,000 will be in line. The gates will open the sale of tickets, which starts at 10:30. That is a wait in line of fourteen and a half hours for some of the "fans." A detail of one hundred policemen was sent over by Captain Goode, and a "hot dog" man had the sense to drive his restaurant on wheels up to the Fenway Park entrance.

It is estimated that the bleachers will be sold out long before noon.

GIANTS IN ENEMY'S CAMP

Team Is Confident of Victory
To-day and in Series.

The Giants left this city for Boston on a special train last night at 5 o'clock, and are now in the camp of the enemy, awaiting the game which they believe will place them on even terms, and start them on the road to ultimate victory. There is not a man on the team who believes that the Red Sox and are a better team, and all declared that the defeat suffered on the Polo Grounds would have only one effect—to spur them on to greater effort. There was no point of the game, one of the Giants said last night, as he hurried away from the grounds, that in any way showed that the Boston men are better. The Red Sox were outbatted eight hits to six, but Tesreau weakened at the critical point and the game was broken up in a trice.

With Matty and Marquard primed and ready for the fray, a different story may be told after the last runner is retired on Fenway Park this afternoon. "Big Six" has had a good long rest, and has yet to taste defeat in his first game in any interleague series in which he has pitched thus far. He beat the Red Sox in the series two years ago and believes that he will have little trouble in out-pitching any man on the Boston team in his present condition. Then, too, there is "Rube" Marquard, fit and ready to step into the box at a moment's notice. The angular southpaw has shown in his recent games that he has fully returned to his former season form which carried him to his wonderful record of nineteen consecutive victories.

GETTING READY FOR CORNELL.

After the short rest over Sunday and Monday Olcott began a hard week of practice to put the N. Y. U. varsity in shape to meet Cornell on Saturday.

The varsity lined up against the scrubs for a stiff scrimmage, special attention being given to following inter-ference. It is expected that a much better team will face Cornell next week, for the men have discovered their weak points and are working like Trojans to overcome them.

"Breaks" of the Game Operate Against Giants

High Foul That Falls Out of
Reach a Turning Point.

SERIES FAR FROM OVER

Poaching by Snodgrass Opens
Way to One Run for Boston
That Looms Large.

By Herbert.

Clean, timely batting by the Red Sox in one inning and masterful pitching by Joe Wood brought defeat to the Giants in the first game of the world's baseball series at the Polo Grounds yesterday. The victory was well earned and I would not detract one whit of credit from the American League champions in suggesting that the "breaks" of the game, the luck of the game, were against McGraw and his men.

Smoky Joe Wood is a great pitcher, and he pitched a remarkable game yesterday. In the most trying and critical situation that could be conceived, he proved conclusively that his courage is as firm as his arm is strong. While showing outward signs of nervousness in the exciting moments of a determined ninth inning rally by the Giants, he never wavered, and actually struck out Fletcher and Crandall, when any kind of a hit would have spelled defeat for his team.

Even Matty could not have shown more skill or resourcefulness, when with runners on second and third and only one out he checked a rally that threatened to turn the tide of victory toward New York. With Fletcher out of the way he found himself facing a hitter in Crandall who is feared all over the National League circuit, and the time came when the count stood three balls and two strikes. Then it was he took a desperate chance and won by shooting a hard straight ball right over the heart of the plate. Crandall no doubt looked for almost anything else at that particular minute, and while he swung at the ball, he swung in vain, and New York's last chance was gone.

RAIN MAY BALK GIANTS

Showers Booked for Boston
and New York This Week.

[From The Tribune Bureau.] Washington, Oct. 8.—There is a possibility of rain in Boston to-morrow afternoon, although the threatened showers may not materialize until evening, according to a forecast made by the Weather Bureau to-night. In any case the weather will be cloudy and unsettled.

Worse yet, say the weather sharps here, it is an even bet that J. Pluvius may operate around the Polo Grounds on Thursday. However, the kill-jobs at the government weather plant announce that there is hope for baseball weather. It was explained to-night by the Weather Bureau wises ones that the weekly forecast last night for clear weather apparently has gone wrong for the reason that the disturbances in the Far West are travelling eastward at a higher rate of speed than was suspected when the prediction was made.

"You can say that the chances are that the rain probably will hold off in Boston to-morrow until after the game," ventured one, "but the weather is pretty sure to be cloudy and threatening. It looks bad for Thursday in New York, although it is a little early to attempt a definite prediction."

"CUPID" CHILDS DYING

Onetime Famous Second Baseman
Made Mark as Heavy Hitter.

Baltimore, Oct. 8.—Clarence K. Childs, known familiarly by baseball "fans" as "Cupid" Childs, is dying of Bright's disease at his home here.

Childs was one of the greatest second basemen of the 80's and 90's, and as a member of the Cleveland "Spiders" of the National League made a reputation as a batsman. He is forty-five years old.

THE TURF.

PIPING ROCK RACE MEETING
LOCUST VALLEY, L. I.
SATURDAY, OCT. 12; WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16;
SATURDAY, OCT. 19.

Special Trains, L. I. R. R., leave Pennsylvania Station (33d st. and 7th ave., N. Y.), 11:30 A. M. and 12:45 P. M. Leave Brooklyn (Flatbush ave. station), Saturday, Oct. 12 and 19, 11:30 A. M. and 12:45 P. M. Leave Brooklyn Wednesday, Oct. 16, 11:30 A. M. and 12:34 P. M. FIRST RACE 2 P. M.

NEW RECORD BY UHLAN

Black Wonder Lowers the Mark
of Lou Dillon.

MANRICO WINS FUTURITY

Captures Classic After Six
Heats at Kentucky Trot-
ting Meet.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 8.—Uhlán, the black son of Bingen, by a performance on the track of the Kentucky Horse Breeders' Association here to-day proclaimed himself king of trotters, both past and present, by negotiating a mile in 1:55 flat, thereby breaking the world's record for the fastest mile of a trotter of any age or sex.

The horse clipped a half second off the record made by Lou Dillon at Memphis seven years ago. He was driven by Charles Tanner, and his performance was noteworthy in the eyes of horsemen not only for the fact that he broke the record, but because of the manner in which the feat was accomplished. Steady as a clock at all stages, with never a sign of breaking, Uhlán appeared to know that he had to perform and did it.

The applause that greeted the black horse and driver did not materialize until the official figures had been hung up, but the crowd gave good measure when it was announced, for a cheer that was unprecedented in the annals of the trotting game here greeted the two as they came back to the judges' stand. Uhlán was paced by a runner.

Amid the applause of the spectators Manrico was returned the winner in the trotting classic after six grueling heats. In the last heat of this race Baldy McGregor took the lead of Rhythm and Manrico for the first three-quarters. When the contestants turned into the stretch Manrico moved up with a rush and after a mile brush won the heat and race, beating Baldy McGregor to the wire.

The time in this heat was 2:07 1/2, which is a new world's mark for the sixth heat of a race. This also was the fastest six heats ever trotted.

The summaries follow:
TROTTER—THE KENTUCKY FUTURITY
—FOR THREE-YEAR-OLDS—THREE IN FIVE—VALUE, \$10,000.

Manrico, b. m. (Mr. Durfee).....	2 5 3 1 1
Rhythm, blk. f. (by Rhythm (Shanks).....	3 1 1 6 4
Baldy McGregor, b. c. (by J. McGregor (Andrews).....	1 8 7 3 2
Prince of Wales, blk. f. (Mr. Mahon).....	7 8 2 2 2
Adios, ch. c. (Dickerson).....	5 2 4 4 2
King of the South, b. m. (Mr. Mahon).....	4 7 5 5 0
Santos, b. m. (Mr. Cox).....	4 4 5 5 5
Brigadier, blk. f. (Chand- ler).....	4 4 5 5 5
Fair Virginia, br. f. (Chand- ler).....	4 4 5 5 5
PACING—2:30 CLASS—THE TENNESSEE— THREE IN FIVE—VALUE, \$3,000.	
Braden Direct, blk. f. by Braden Direct —Bradley Lane (Gardner).....	1 1 1
Don Pronto, blk. f. (Durfee).....	2 2 4
Pickles, b. m. (Owens).....	3 2 2
Benjamin, b. m. (Mr. Cox).....	4 3 3
Knight Onward, b. p. (Ray).....	4 4 5
TROTTER—2:15 CLASS—AMATEUR DRIV- ERS—VALUE, \$1,000—THREE IN FIVE.	
Robert Milroy, b. g. by Milroy (Mr. Waterman).....	1 1 1
New York, b. m. (Mr. Devereaux).....	2 2 4
Marigold, ch. m. (Mr. Devereaux).....	7 4 2
Dr. Wilkes, b. g. (Mr. Melvin).....	8 3 4
Vindicator, b. m. (Mr. Melvin).....	6 5 6
Thistle Down, b. h. (Mr. Chalmers).....	6 5 6
Miss Red, b. m. (Mr. Cecil).....	4 5 5
Mack Mack, b. h. (Mr. Morley).....	4 5 5
Baldy Alcyon, b. g. (Mr. White).....	4 5 5
Time, 2:08, 2:07 1/2, 2:06 1/2.	

CORNELL TAKES A BRACE

Football Squad Shows Up Well
in Hard Practice.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 8.—The Cornell football squad was put through the first hard practice of the week, a two-hour scrimmage, to-day. This work coming after the prolonged signal drill in the army last night was decidedly more satisfactory to the coaches than have been any of the recent practices. The men had more fight in them, and, although when Dr. Sharpe put the ball on the one-yard line the offence was insufficient to carry it over, there was apparent a more determined effort to accomplish a gain. It was also notable that the veterans of last year's team in the field showed more of their old form.

LIGHT DRILL FOR TIGERS

Pendleton and De Witt Off Team
to See World's Series Game.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 8.—Princeton's varsity football team worked behind closed gates again this afternoon. For over an hour the coaches drove the men through a fast practice in signals. Then a team picked by the coaches engaged the freshmen in a hard forty-minute battle, in which the regulars scored one touchdown. "Tubby" Walter, Princeton's speedy halfback, reached half the length of the field for the varsity's first and only score.

Captain Pendleton, De Witt and Blumenthal took a day off this afternoon to see the opening game of the world's baseball series. Though somewhat handicapped, the varsity, with "Hobey" Baker and Walter, swept the freshmen off their feet. Emmons was in at quarterback, and showed a lot of speed and dash.

"Stew" Baker occupied the left wing again to-day, and gave promise of developing into a first class end. His quick diagnosis of plays and hard tackling make him a useful man for any position.

At the close of the freshmen contest "Hett" Herring lined up his team of "Ineligibles" against the varsity for a short fifteen-minute struggle. There was no scoring, but Haviland, Doolittle and Hendrickson, second string men, showed up strongly in the backfield. "Rip" Shenk, the Tigers' husky left guard, gave place to Longstreth to-day, but Logan played through the entire practice at right guard.

JACK WHITE OUTBOXES JONES.

Jack White, the clever Chicago featherweight, outpointed Willie Jones, of Brooklyn, in a lively ten-round bout at the New Star Athletic Club last night. The boxing was fast throughout.



PARIS

situated in the Rue de Rivoli
overlooking Tuilleries Gardens,
River Seine & Champs Elysees.

HOTEL MEURICE

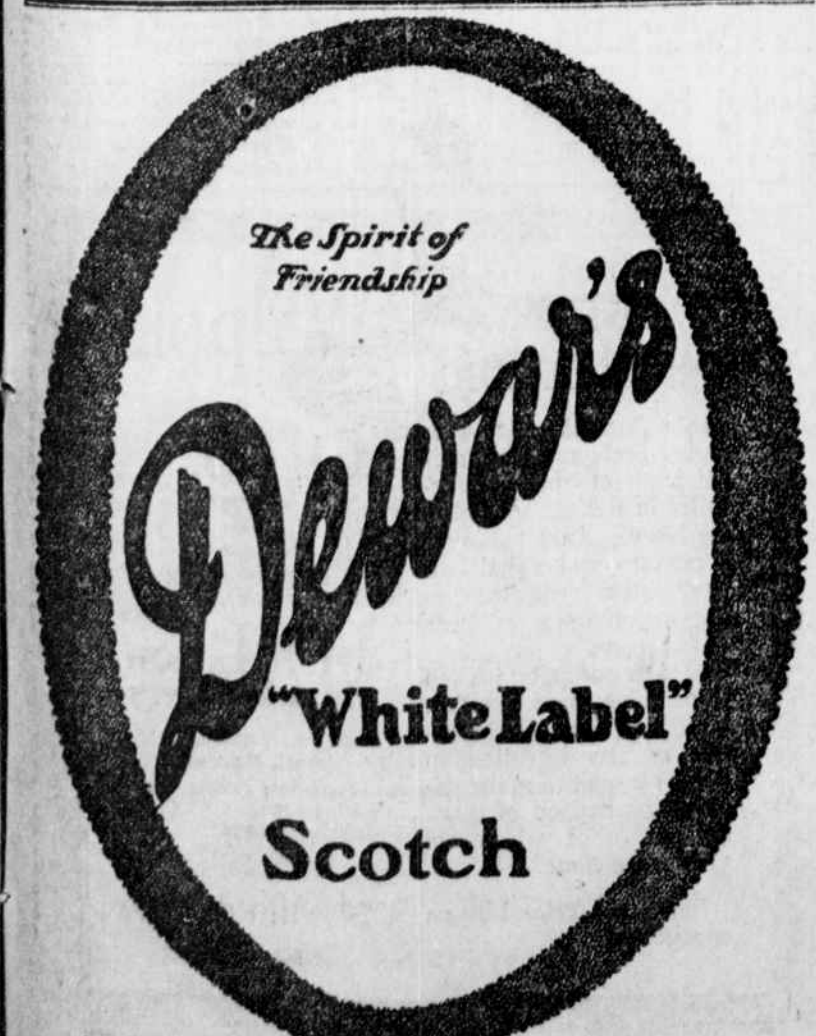
(Thoroughly Warmed in Winter)

contains every comfort and
Luxury in modern construction.

The prestige of the Old Hotel Meurice
is to-day challenged by the pre-eminence
of the New Meurice, which has absolutely
the finest clientele of any Hotel in Europe.

THE RESTAURANT is said to be the best
in Paris and has become the rendezvous
of fashion.

Cables: Meuricecel, Paris. F. SCHWENTER, Manager.



Dewar's

"White Label"

Scotch